

ZION'S HERALD AND THE WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. XXII. { REV. A. STEVENS, EDITOR.
FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1851.

TERMS, \$1.50, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. } No. 32.
OFFICE, No. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

WILBRAHAM ACADEMY.

Geology at Wilbraham—Alumnus, Jr.

BRO. STEVENS:—In the Herald of July 16, one of your rambling, good hearted correspondents has rather carelessly scattered his ink, in his notice of the examination at Wilbraham Academy. His motives were certainly good, but he has handled one or two subjects so rhetorically as to make them rather prominent in his letter, and at the same time convey to your readers a wrong impression on an important matter. They would naturally think, from some of his poetical quotations, metaphorical expressions, remarks upon "borings" and "soarings," "augurs" and "auguries," "dilated pupils," and iceberg incubations, that skeptical notions are taught, or at least connived at in the Wesleyan Academy.

Now in a word, the brother will feel relieved when we assure him that his "pupils" are unnecessarily "dilated." We are interested in the prosperity and reputation of this institution, are well acquainted with its Faculty, and moreover know all about this same examination. And we beg leave to say, as fast as a pen stutters with earnestness can talk, that notwithstanding the brother's rather uncharitable opinion, no man in that Faculty believes or surmises that the Almighty was "mistaken" in the narration which he dictated to Moses. Nor is such a notion insinuated in any text book which we use. They are sober men, heartily believing the literal statements of Scripture. Had *Alumnus, Jr.* made further inquiries on this occasion, or especially had he formed a more extended acquaintance with their opinions on previous visits of a different character, he would never have fallen into this error. He will be satisfied when we assure him that an acquaintance with the subject would have dissipated his alarms. Because the opinions which he heard contradicted his ideas of Scripture teaching, it by no means follows that they would contradict more correct and enlightened views. How strange that the brother did not think of that! Geological facts are not reconcilable with Revelation, but splendidly corroborative of its teachings, though it is not our business to prove it here; but the brother will pardon us if we gently admonish him not to present the geological ideas which he suggests in his article, to silence the objections of a skeptic who understands the elements of science.

TOUR IN ESSEX CO., MASS.

Ipswich—Salem—Newburyport.

North Dighton, Mass., July 25, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—When yourself or readers become tired of us, you can just treat us with "silent contempt." We here give our "word of honor" that we will take the "hint," and cease our *jabber*. Since writing last, we have visited a few of the towns and cities in Essex Co., Mass. Leaving Lynn on the 5th inst., in a very short time we were mingling with the inhabitants of the antiquated and modern town of Ipswich, (excuse the *paradox*.) Tradition says that Ipswich is the first place in Essex county known to have been visited by Europeans. Jno. Winthrop, Jr., the chieftain of the first settlers here, must have possessed considerable business tact, or he would not have been able to have persuaded *Musconnet*, the Indian Sagamore, to have sold him *Agawam* for the paltry sum of \$20. The first permanent settlement was commenced in 1633, and in the following year "Agawam" became "Ipswich." Ipswich is one of the county towns, and of course, has its county equipments in the shape of a Court House, Jail, "Learned Judges," "Legal limbs," Jailor and culprits. Passing through the centre of the village, is the "Ipswich river." The fine water power which this river affords is turned to good advantage by the enterprising inhabitants, who are extensively engaged in varied manufactures. The general appearance of this place cannot fail to arrest the attention, and call forth the admiration of the visitor. The location of the village is charming. Here are to be seen some of the oldest houses in the Commonwealth. But the great mass of buildings, private and public, bear the impress of the most modern improvements. "The Ipswich Female Seminary," which was incorporated in 1828, needs not perhaps, yield the palm to any similar institution in this part of our country, either as respects the eligibility of its location, or the ability and fidelity of its instructors. During the Sabbath we worshipped in the M. E. church. Methodism has obtained a good footing here. Since their church was first erected it has been twice enlarged. It is now spacious, but not too large for the crowds who resort thereto from Sabbath to Sabbath. The next time they set carpenters to work, it must be to erect a new and additional church. And what Methodist cares how soon their increased numbers may imperiously demand such an erection? The last New England Conference appointed Bro. Jas. Shepard a second year to this field. But since Conference, Bro. S. had been so seriously indisposed as not to be able to preach at all, at the time we were there. He was, however, fast recovering. We hope, ere this, the good pastor is again feeding his beloved flock in "green" and "spiritual" pastures.

In going from Lynn to Ipswich, you pass through Salem. And now, wherever you go, the individuals who are making this tour, would not insist upon halting at the place where were enacted the extraordinary delusions of 1692? In the present instance, however, we were under the necessity of pushing forward; having engaged to spend the Sabbath at Ipswich, and it being now Saturday, P. M. But we were not to be cheated out of our visit to Cotton Mather and his "witches." Getting matters settled with as much despatch as possible, we commenced an "advance backward," until we reached this *world renowned place*. A letter of introduction, with which we had been provided, soon made us acquainted with Rev. Luman Boyden. Never before, to our knowledge, had we seen this gentleman. But this is matter of trifling importance with Methodist Preachers. We had been but a brief season in his society before we seemed not only to have known him, but to have enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with him all our life. Bro. B. promised to give us a good round at sight seeing. This promise he redeemed well, considering the limited period we were favored with his company. And to what place did this famed place do you suppose we first resorted? But why ask such a question? Who—visiting Salem for the first time, would wish to go anywhere else, or look at any other object of interest, until he had first visited "Gallows Hill"? Following suite with thousands of our predecessors—thither we immediately repaired. Yes, we stood upon the very "rock" on which, in all probability, had stood the misguided and deluded Mather, while, perhaps, engaged in prayer to the "God of all graces," in behalf of those nineteen innocent victims of the most remarkable delusion the civilized world ever beheld.

The tree, from whose boughs these unfortunate individuals were suspended, has disappeared—probably by the hands of relic hunters. A young sapling now marks this spot where once stood the *original*. We will not stay to moralize upon the spot or its tragedies. Historians—sages—and already penny-rhymers have said and written enough thereon. Apart from its associations, "Gallows Hill" is a place to be visited. Standing on this eminence, is a soldier's grave, which, for beauty and grandeur, is seldom surpassed. Lying at your feet is the city, which at this season of the year, appears to be built in a park of the most luxuriant foliage. The tall and majestic trees—of which there are great abundance—span the streets, and tower above the houses, imparting to the densely populated vale an air of quiet and dreamy repose. Stretching forth on every hand, and almost as far as the eye can reach, is a fine country of green forest, cultivated fields, substantial farm-houses, thriving villages, with interlarding river and sea, while in the dim distance old ocean lifts up her briny crest. Being so near the "Dancers of burying-ground," we, of course, visited the grave of Elizabeth Whitman, alias Eliza Wharton. An upright slab of reddish freestone marks the spot where in 1788 were deposited the remains of that injured young woman. Formerly, there was a foot stone, but that has disappeared, and unless some authority interpose, the head-stone is likely soon to suffer the same fate at the hands of the numerous relic pilfers who are constantly visiting the spot. It is true, romance readers have been treated with an exaggerated narrative of this seduced female. Such exaggeration was unnecessary, for the plain, naked facts were of a sufficiently painful character, to cause tears to flow from eyes unused to weeping. We scrawled a few hasty notes; for our accommodating host is waiting to redeem his promise of escorting us through "the finest street we ever saw." This is Chestnut street, and really, it does surpass anything of the kind we ever beheld.

We have traversed the beautiful streets in the trim city of "Brotherly love." We have made frequent marches in Broadway and Bowery, the pride of the "Empire city." We have seen the finest which our Eastern metropolis can boast; and in scores of other cities and villages have we looked upon the best they had to show. But nowhere have we seen anything which comes up to this. Chestnut street is very spacious, with broad and well laid sidewalks. It is lined on either side with the princely mansions of the most wealthy families of this *very wealthy city*. These buildings are of fine brick, and are three stories high. Two rows of giant elms run the entire length of the street, and while their spreading branches afford to the sidewalk passenger a comfortable shelter from the scorching sun, each stretches forth to embrace its neighbor on the opposite side, thus forming an arch or bow which the most skillful artisan would vainly strive to rival. We have not space to describe the "Common," with its surrounding iron railing and double row of elms, with its eight and a half acres of beautiful level green surface, traversed by numerous gravel walks. Salem became a city in 1836. Its present population is said to be about twenty thousand.

Methodism is feeble in Salem. We have but one church here, and that of only about 150 members. It is a long time since Methodism was first planted here, but opposing influences, arising from sources the least to be expected, have prevented its vigorous progress. But the dawn of a better day is breaking forth. We believe that Methodism will yet give here its vigor and strength. Their small church is *far too small* for the increasing numbers who are beginning to flock thereto. More ample accommodations are demanded, and we are happy to be informed that a movement is now being made to meet this demand. We were shown a lot of which they had obtained the refusal. We think it would be difficult to find a more eligible site within the bounds of the city than this. There ought to be a church built here worth \$20,000. This done, Methodism would soon assume her proper position. But how is this to be accomplished? This society is not only feeble in numerical strength, but also in pecuniary resources. O, that we were rich! Well, what then? Why, we would just confer upon ourselves the pleasure which we earnestly desire for some of our brethren. We would take how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. We would just make a handsome loan unto the "Lord" through the agency of the "poor." The interest on such loans is good. "A hundred fold in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." The security is the best we could desire; for the Treasurer of this never failing bank is proprietor of the universe. The pledge given needs no endorsement. For sooner shall heaven and earth pass away than this pledge fail of redemption.

"Losing form" Salem, we came with a straight course" of twenty miles to Newburyport. By whatever avenue you approach this town, it cannot fail to produce pleasurable sensations. Its situation is uncommonly beautiful. Following the course of the river, "Water St." and "Merrimac St." run the entire length of the lower part of the town. Parallel with these streets, at a distance of 1,000 feet from them, and at an elevation of about 100 feet from the river is "High St." This street cannot fail to excite the attention of strangers of taste. Extending from its centre is a fine pond of about six acres, its level about 60 feet above the level of the river. This pond has been beautifully embellished by surrounding it with a wall, and terraced with a promenade. In this street, also, stands the mansion of that eccentric genius, "Lord Timothy Dexter." But his kings, statesmen, politicians, &c., have been dispossessed from the gateways and walls. Not being aware of this fact until we came and stood before the gate, we were sorely disappointed thereat. The territory of Newburyport is smaller than that of any other town within the limits of the Commonwealth. It contains an area of but one square mile. It was taken from Newbury in 1764, and last year was incorporated a city. These stunted limits are a stirring, busy hive. A great amount of manufacturing is carried on here. Quite a number of very large cotton mills are in operation. Ship-building is also carried on to a considerable extent. During our sojourn in the place we visited one of the largest class of packet ships. The "Racer," which had just been completed and launched, is intended to run between New York and Liverpool. In size she is "mammoth." In workmanship, furnishing, and accommodations, she surpasses anything of the kind we ever saw. We should think she must have cost more than \$100,000. From this town have gone forth many who have arisen to great eminence in the varied departments of public life. Judge Jackson, and Judge Bradbury, of the Supreme Court, were natives of this town. Judges Parsons, Thatcher and Wild, of the same court, have resided here. The Hon. Wm. Bartlett, and Moses Brown, Esq., merchants distinguished alike for their enterprise and integrity, were na-

tives of this town. That distinguished mechanical genius, Jacob Perkins, whose inventive facilities have so greatly benefited England for some years past, was born here, and here pursued his studies until fifty years of age. It was here, under Parsons, John Q. Adams pursued those legal studies which laid the foundation of the fame of "The Old Man Eloquent." Gardner Spring, D. D., of N. York, and Rev. Dr. Morse, of the Episcopal church, are proud to acknowledge Newburyport as the place of their birth. And last, but not least of the honors we shall mention as belonging to this place, is that of being the repository of the mortal remains of Rev. Geo. Whitefield. These remains are interred in a vault prepared for that purpose, in the "Old South Church." The Rev. Wm. Bartlett has also caused to be erected at his own expense, a handsome cenotaph, bearing an appropriate inscription. The absence of the sexton prevented our viewing the interior of this church, and seeing those sacred remains. This was cause of sad regret.

Methodism lives in Newburyport. We have two churches. Liberty St., now under the pastoral care of Rev. J. W. Perkins, is quite large, and as we confidently believe, is destined to become still larger. The last New England Conference was held here. "Adephi St." is small, but unless both our judgment and faith are at fault, better times are coming for this tender branch. We venture the prediction that before Rev. Wm. Gordon closes his zealous, untiring, and judicious labors, this church will be established on a broader, firmer, and more enduring basis. We made a very interesting acquaintance with these brethren and their "ter half's." May "the windows of heaven be opened" upon these branches of our Israel.

ITINERANT.

For the Herald and Journal.

HOLINESS—ITS EFFECT.

"Without me," says the Saviour, "ye can do nothing." No one feels so fully the truth of this inspired declaration as the truly holy soul. In pursuing the written experience of several eminently pious persons recently, I was surprised at the harmony of thought and expression on this point. I fear not to assert, that no greater test—so far as mere feeling is concerned, can be, or should be desired by the lovers of holiness, than this deep, pervading consciousness of personal nothingness. In the language of the poet we may ever say,

"Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need."

This state of feeling, however, does not exclude the existence of that perfect faith, which will enable us to say, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." In this, there is a blending of perfect weakness and perfect strength—the perfect weakness of the finite, and perfect strength of the infinite. In Prof. Upham's work entitled "Divine Union," we find an extract from his personal experience corroborative of our own views on this subject. It reads as follows: "I have been taught for many years, and by painful experience, that I can place no confidence in my own thoughts, feelings, and purposes. In none of these respects can I be my own keeper. On the contrary, I have seen with the greatest clearness, that to be left to myself, either in these respects or in anything else, is always to be left in sin. And so great has been my anguish of spirit, in view of my inability to guide myself aright, that I could only pray that I might be struck out of existence and be annihilated, or that God would return and keep that which I could not keep myself."

Were this effect of "perfect love" generally understood, we should be better prepared to "perfect holiness," and to "grow in grace." For the want, or lack of knowledge on this point, many fall back into a lower state of grace, or go mourning after something—they know not what. Here is the point where that faith is needed which will permit God, in accordance with his will and word, to lead us by a "way we know not."

For the Herald and Journal.

NATURAL THEOLOGY NOT "ANNIHILATED."

In the Herald of July 23d, a writer over the signature "E. J. P." endeavors to sustain the doctrine of an immediate divine agency in material phenomena, by attributing to the opposite theory consequences "most destructive to the authority of natural religion and theology."

While we agree with the writer in regard to the theory of the incessant agency of the Divine Being in the physical world, we must declare our decided dissent from the indirect reasoning by which he endeavors to sustain his position. We allude not only to the unfair and illogical demand which he makes upon his opponents to furnish proofs of the non-eternity of matter without the aid of Revelation, but more especially to the sad catastrophe which will befall natural and revealed religion in default of such proofs. It ought to be well understood that natural theology is not based on subtle questions respecting the properties and laws of matter, but it stands unshaken and impregnable on a foundation which skepticism can never undermine nor atheism overthrow. The whole structure is greatly weakened and endangered when its advocates attempt to press into its service the existence and laws of matter. By reason of this, many pious minds have been greatly bewildered, and some Christian writers have declared that natural theology is the first step to atheism.

The real strength of the argument lies in the arbitrary arrangements and dispositions of matter visible around us. We can afford to concede to atheists the eternity of matter and its laws, without perceptibly diminishing the strength of the argument for an intelligent cause. There is an impassable chasm between the mere properties and laws of matter, and the wonderful system of adaptations to wise ends abounding in the physical world, especially in the vegetable and the animal economy. Over this chasm it is impossible for the mind to leap without doing it itself great violence. The reason of this, is that design is not necessarily involved in the existence of matter while it is but slightly apparent in its laws, but on the other hand, the mind intuitively recurs to a designer when it contemplates the manifold collocations and dispositions of matter. Hence atheists are fond of decrying the natural theologian from the true basis of his argument to the inherent properties and laws of matter. On this foundation they have a decided advantage, while their opponent is in imminent danger, because he has left the solid ground and cleared field where his artillery was irresistible, and has chosen to meet his antagonist in the misty and tangled morass of atheistic subtleties. Natural theology is not in the least endangered by the issue of questions relating to the origin of

matter and the agency involved in the production of material phenomena. On this point, hear the opinions of that gigantic theologian, Dr. Chalmers: "The main evidence, then, for a God, as far as this can be collected from visible nature, lies not in the existence of matter, neither in its laws, but in its *dispositions*." "Inasmuch that, though we conceded to the atheist the eternity of matter and the essentially inherent character of all its laws, we could still point out to him in the manifold adjustments of matter, adjustments of place, figure, and magnitude, the most impressive signatures of a Deity."

Again, "We have no doubt that this overruling spirit presides, although the cause of theism can afford to give this up and can find enough in the order and adaptation of things to prove that the hand of a Divinity has been there." "We do not deny that there is argument for a God in the number of beneficial, while at the same time distinct and independent laws, whereat matter is endowed. We only affirm a million fold intensity of argument in the infinitely greater number of beneficial, and at the same time distinct and independent collocations of matter, which have been arrayed." Here he instances the human body as presenting "a more close, crowded and multifarious inscription of the Divinity than any single object in the compass of visible nature." Elsewhere he asserts that the human eye contains more evidences of design than the entire solar system.

So far is this great thinker from fearing that his argument will be overthrown by the concessions which he makes to his antagonists, that he declares that we detach an ingredient of weakness from the case when we give up that part of the argument which is founded on the bare existence of matter."

We make these quotations, not to endorse the theory of Chalmers that matter is invested with inherent powers, but to show that one who loved every stone in the sacred temple of truth, and who watched with an eagle's eye every movement of skepticism, could see no disastrous consequences following this theory. To attack a theory, by urging consequences which its advocates distinctly disclaim, is an infraction of the proprieties which should ever be maintained in controversy.

* Natural Theology, Vol. I, Book II, Chap. 1.

For the Herald and Journal.

CHINESE MYTHOLOGICAL HISTORY.

Knowing that you are often told that Chinese history dates back to a very remote period, and presuming that you will be interested in any authentic information on this subject, I send you a translation (a rather free translation) of Chinese Mythological History, from a Chinese work, in Sixty Sections, which embraces all their fabulous period, as well as authentic history, down to the accession of the present Tartar Dynasty. The work before me is a compilation from numerous authors, who have written comments on more ancient documents. The first author quoted, after alluding to the fabulous emperors who reigned for myriads of years, and expressing his disbelief of those fables, resting on no reliable authority, explains their origin by saying, "Verily Heaven existed first, subsequently the Earth existed also; then the air transforming, Man also was born." From this undoubted origin of things the commentator thinks arose the fabulous story of the *three Emperors*, i. e., Heavenly Emperor, Earthly Emperor, Human Emperor, whose periods of rule fabulous traditions have extended to myriads of years.

The first man was called Pankoo. From the Great Extreme sprang the dual principle. From the dual principle sprang the four seasons, or divisions of human life (maturity of female life, immaturity of female life, maturity of masculine life, and immaturity of masculine life). The four seasons changing and expanding, there resulted the head or progenitor of the world, called Pankoo."

One writer says that Pankoo was appointed by Heaven to rule over men. He was most eminent in virtue, and alone worthy to sit upon a throne. The first man (says another) sprang from the expansion of Heaven and Earth. The time of his advent is unknown. Pankoo disappeared, and it is not known where he went to.

In the second myriad of years the earth assumed its present form and stability. After the disappearance of Pankoo, the Heavenly Emperor arose.

Heaven was the father of the first man, and Earth was his mother; hence he was called the *Son of Heaven*.

[NOTE.—Emperors of China as successors of the first ruler, take the title, *Son of Heaven*. This title, as claimed by Emperors at present, appears to mean nothing more than *Approved of Heaven to Rule*. Query—Is this anything more arrogant than the "Divine right of Kings?"]

Ting Nang Hoo says, that "the preceding, as well as the account of the *Three Emperors* following, is mere tradition, not to be depended upon as accurate; but merely giving some idea of remote antiquity not strictly true. The account of antiquity is not to be depended upon."

After Pankoo, Tien Hoo Hoo, Heavenly Emperor, Thirteen Sovereigns of the same name, this Dynasty invented the method of numbering years, and explained the phenomena of the heavens. This Dynasty continued 18,000 years; during this period animals and vegetables assumed their regular orders of growth and decay.

Chiu Ching Hiong says that the origin, date and generation of things is unknown, but that Pankoo was a most excellent, and the first Emperor. Little else is worthy of credit in regard to those early periods.

Earthly Emperors is the name of eleven rulers of the same surname, who were brothers. During their reign the Sun and Moon were established in their places. The light of the Sun was called *day*. The time ruled by moon and stars was called night. Thirty days were reckoned a month. Each of the eleven brothers lived eighteen thousand years. Others say that the united ages of the eleven brothers was eighteen thousand years.

Human Emperors were nine brothers of one surname. This government succeeded the Earthly Emperors. This Emperor or Emperors superintended hills and fountains, and divided the world into provinces, each of the brothers taking a separate province.

During this Dynasty the multiplicity of things came into existence. At this time manners and customs were exceedingly good (golden age). The Emperor was most excellent, and fitted for his station. Officers were upright and talented. The laws were good, and correctly defined virtue and vice, and the relations of Emperor, officers and subjects. Those who labored received a full supply of all their wants, and poverty and suffering were unknown. The people were strong, thriving and happy. The relations of husband and wife were duly observed. The Human August Emperors were called Nine August Emperors. Their lives were forty-five thousand and six hundred years.

After the Three Emperors or Dynasties mentioned above succeeded the Cavern Ruler. In his days men lived in caves and fed on what grew spontaneously. Men and beasts for a time lived in peace and harmony. Men soon conceived enmity against the beasts, and opened pits to catch the beasts.

One large beast came out against men. Then the Cavern Ruler Emperor originated the building of houses as a defence against the beasts. The people eat blood, and raw fruits, and had no fire to cook food. They made clothing of the skins of beasts. They first made aprons to clothe themselves in front, and afterward added clothing to their backs.

The people were contented and sportive—had no sages and no lawgivers. Tradition does not say how long the Cavern Ruler lived.

Next came Sui Jin, or Man of Instruction. He understood Astronomy and the five elements, metal, wood, water, fire and earth. By twisting a slender iron in a block of wood he produced fire, and taught the people to cook their food. The people relished food prepared by fire, and greatly respected the man who taught them how to obtain and use fire; therefore, they called him Sui Jin, or Fire-producing-man. At this time there was no writing. Sui Jin used knotted cords to record events. Important affairs were denoted by large knots, and minor matters by small knots. Sui Jin built a terrace, or amphitheatre for public instruction. Hence is the origin of public instruction.

A commentator on these early traditions says, the accounts of early times are merely traditions, not committed to writing till a later period. No reckoning of years in regard to the three Emperors (Heavenly, Earthly and Human Emperors) is to be depended upon, as there were no books. The talk about eighteen thousand years as the period of each reign is not true.

The traditional period of forty-five thousand and six hundred years of the Human Emperors extends down to the time of Yao (B. C. 2357) but all this period is fabulous.

"Don't worry your minds about the fabulous period," says this author; "if you wish to read authentic history, commence with the reign of Yao, where history is reliable."

[NOTE 1st. The periods ascribed in Chinese history to the reign of Yao added together, give the sum of 2357 years before Christ as the time of his reign.—Translator.]

[NOTE 2d. Foreigners have generally been accustomed to reckon the period of Chinese history somewhat reliable, from the reign of Fuh, the next Emperor after those whose history is translated, and which, according to Chinese Chronology, dates back to 2852 years before Christ.—Translator.]

Another commentator quoted in the History before me says: "the best dynasties have reigned only two or three hundred years; hence it is absurd to talk of dynasties in early times continuing tens of thousands of years. From Fuh back to Pankoo, cannot possibly have been more than a few thousands of years, the tens of thousands certainly must be discarded."

An author who lived about eight or nine hundred years ago says, in reference to the system of tradition established by Sui Jin (the Promethean of Chinese History), "Previous to, and aside from, all instruction, either that taught by the Three Emperors, the Five Sovereigns, or Confucius and Mencius, the August Sovereign Ruler (God?) comes down into the hearts of men, and makes them good; (gives them a conscience as teachers explain it.) "Why, then, O ye people," says the writer, "if your hearts continue thus good, do ye become so perverse and wicked?"

Another work devoted expressly to Chronology begins with the reign of Fuh, 2852 years before Christ, and makes no mention of the preceding fabulous period. I asked my Chinese teacher, (who is a literary graduate) why the Chronology begins with Fuh, and makes no mention of previous dynasties? He replied, "Nobody believes the legends of previous times."

Thus I have shown the testimony of Chinese writers of the greatest eminence give no credit to the fabulous traditions so eagerly seized upon by Western Infidels, and I think all candid inquirers will say that we have no reason to doubt the Mosaic history, on account of legendary history found in China. M. C. WHITE.

Fuchau Fu, China, Jan. 16.

"In the Historical work before me, two other legends are merely mentioned, one of which reckons from the beginning of things to Confucius 3,827,000 years—the other something over six hundred thousand years. But why should I recite more of these fables, which no Chinese, so far as I can learn, considers worthy of any credit!"

For the Herald and Journal.

P. ELDER'S CLAIMS—AN ILLUSTRATION.

MR. EDITOR:—It is far from my wish to protract a controversy on the subject of the P. Elder's claims, but I perceive that I have not succeeded very well in the enlightenment and conviction of your correspondents, and am therefore inclined to make one effort more. To begin, however, I would correct your printers a little. *Useless hypothesis*, should read *baseless hypothesis*. In the third paragraph, the words to notice, which end a sentence, should begin the next sentence.

To suppose a society does not go to the extent of its ability in the support of its preacher, so as to leave him deficient in his claim, is to charge that society with great injustice, as well as meanness. To avoid such a censure on any society, I suppose that our societies do support their preachers to the extent of their abilities, till the full claims are paid. If I err in this, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I err on the side of charity.

JUSTICE will doubtless confess, that for a society not to pay up their preacher his full claim, while they have the ability to do so, would be a great wrong. But what does he recommend as the method of correcting this wrong? Why, commit another wrong by withholding a part of the P. E.'s claim, and thus carry into practice the doctrine that two wrongs make a right.

It is the general, though not universal, practice, within the bounds of the New England Conference, for the stewards to raise the P. E.'s claim as a separate matter from that of the claim as a separate matter.

TIMOTHY TINGLE. Any how, if they should fall short of their claims, it would all be right if the P. E. should, at the same, time fall short of his.

I now propose to illustrate the practical effect of the doctrine of your correspondents, by a case which has occurred since the last Conference. A. P. Elder attended a Quarterly Conference. In the process of business he called for the report of the estimating committee. The committee reported \$100 Table Expenses, which, together with the other items, made the whole claim \$400. This was about the amount they had been in the practice of paying. The P. E. remarked to the Conference that they could amend the report if they were not satisfied with the amounts. He called their attention particularly to the amount estimated for the preacher's table, and told them he wanted their judgment as to whether \$100 would be enough. The opinion was expressed by one or more members of the Conference that it would not be enough. The opinion of the preacher was asked, and he said it would be enough. A motion was then made to add to the table expenses \$50, which motion was carried. The stewards promised to do their best to raise and pay the whole amount, though some doubt was expressed whether they should be able.

Now, it is clear, that if the additional \$50 is raised and paid, that it will be the consequence of the faithfulness of the Presiding Elder.

It will be equally clear that if that sum is not paid, the preacher will not suffer any loss as the consequence of the faithfulness of the P. E.

Now if the doctrine of self-styled Justice and Timothy Tingle should prevail, in that place, and the additional \$50 should not be paid, that being one ninth of the whole claim of the preacher, then the P. E., as the consequence of his faithfulness, must receive but eight-ninths of his claim on that society. Where, if he had been quiet, and suffered the Conference to have adopted the report without the \$50, the preacher's whole claim would have been paid, and the P. E. would have been entitled to his whole claim.

It will here be seen that if the doctrine contended for by your correspondents, be the true doctrine of our Discipline, it furnishes a strong temptation to Presiding Elders to make no effort to have estimates of the preachers raised, where they are too low, for in so doing they make their own support the more sure. But when they make an effort to have the preacher's estimates raised, and are successful, they endanger their own support. A rather poor incentive to fidelity on the part of Presiding Elders.

As to my writing a commentary on the rule in question, I should probably not have thought of such a thing, if Justice, who made the first attempt, had not blundered so badly.

P. CRANDALL.

From the Boston Atlas.

PHILANTHROPY?

Help solicited, most respectfully, to send five hundred Missionary Emigrants to Liberia—of whom three hundred are emancipated, and have been educated for that purpose!

Is there one object on earth which demands more strongly and eloquently our confidence, sympathy, and liberal patronage, than that which, in its very genesis, is giving life, intelligence, virtue, social order, civil government, Christianity and Nationality to a great Continent, comparatively dead for ages, and to a race long and deeply degraded?

Such is the legitimate object and influence of Colonization to Africa and her benighted millions! Every intelligent, virtuous, enterprising emigrant going to Liberia from the United States, goes there to do an important work for his race! A truly missionary work, in the great and various departments of civilization and the Christian religion.

Western Africa is a certain and premature grave to all going there, except her own returning children. To them the climate is entirely safe and pleasant. While they find a more eligible home, both for happiness and usefulness, than anywhere else on earth, the good of Africa, their own good, and the good of their children now and in the generations to come, should induce them to go.

And such has been, and still is, the responsible and critical relation of our country to Africa, and that portion of her children introduced among us, that we must feel that the *Almighty* requires at our hands, both as a government and as individual citizens, at least, a wise, prompt and liberal co-operation, with the openings of an all wise Providence, in facilitating the return of all who are eligible and anxious to go, thereby promoting the elevation and redemption of the race.

Those who now seek to go to Liberia from the South, are among the very best colored persons in America—just such emigrants as will make good and useful citizens there. The peace and prosperity of Liberia, and the hope of Africa, are depending on an increase of such an emigrant population. On the soil of Liberia are (over) 200,000 native African population, praying for the presence, precept and example, of such enlightened and industrious emigrants from America among them! They must go! And the good, and true, and faithful, and philanthropic—those who hope and labor for the world's redemption, must and will help to send them.

With many thanks to those generous friends, ladies and gentlemen, who have already responded, I would again most respectfully pray that others will not be "weary of well doing," but give us a helping hand in this noble work. A few more \$100 donations will be very encouraging, while \$55, \$105, and \$505, &c., will be very gratefully received.

Please address
J. MORRIS PEAKE,
Colonization Rooms, N. Y. city.

CONVERSION OF THE AGED.

In a sermon to young men, Dr. Bedell said, "I have now been nearly twenty years in the ministry of the gospel, and I here publicly state to you that I do not believe I could enumerate three persons over fifty of age, whom I have heard ask the solemn and eternally momentous question, 'What shall I do to be saved?'" Another distinguished, and still living divine of our country, has said "I will not say that none are converted in old age, but they are *few and far between*, like the scattered grapes on the outmost branches after the vintage is gathered! Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Most people seem to imagine that advice, like physics, to do good must be disagreeable. The laws of civility oblige us to commend what in reason we cannot blame. Men should allow others' excellencies, to preserve a modest opinion of their own.

For the Herald and Journal.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The night was dark with storm and cloud,
The maddened ocean harshly roared,
The rushing winds were howling loud,
The fateful rain in torrents poured.

But through the darkness gleams a light,
Midway between the sea and sky,
As though the God of storm and night
Had set on all a watchful eye.

Serene and without motion blest,
Far o'er the deep that steady ray,
And many a foam-wet sailor gazed
And blessed the beacon of his way.

But eyes that saw the beacon light,
Saw not how strange a peril hung
Through all the hours of that dark night,
Above its keepers bold and young.

And hearts that blessed the beacon rays,
Knew not that two hearts calmly beat
With firm resolve to feed the blaze,
Though it should light their winding sheet.

The storm grows wilder, fiercer still—
The flame is swaying at its height—
And yet, with strong and dauntless will,
Those faithful keepers feed the light.

The lonely tower and beacon light
Have vanished with that monster wave;
And forms that dared the tempest's might,
Lie still, within an ocean grave.

In vain, in vain, some mother kneels
Before the Virgin far away,
In vain with love no other feels,
A mother bends alone to pray.

Unfettered by an earthly form,
They went forth on the tempest's track,
To him pavilioned in the storm,
And gave their fearless spirits back.

O, many heroes lie enshrined
And laurel-wreathed, in human thought,
Deserving less than those who find
For noble deeds, a fame unsought.

ANNE AMELIA MORE.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

Onward, pilgrim, onward,
Wend thy toilsome way,
Through the clouds and darkness,
To the glorious day!

Now thy way is dreary,
Yet beyond, I see
Flowers are in thy pathway—
Springing up for thee!

Look beside thee, pilgrim!
Thou art not alone;
Other ears are listening
To thy every tone.

Other feet are waiting
For thy guiding care—
Guide them safely onward—
Pilgrim, young and fair!

Pilgrim! look above thee
Hovering o'er thy way,
Heavenly watchers linger
Through the living day.

One with eyes so loving,
Ever o'er thee bends—
Flooding on a cloudlet,
On thy right attends.

And with joy he noeth
Every tender word,
Every lowly feeling,
All thy self-denying.

All thy faithful love,
Maketh glad the angel
Floating just above
Floating just above.

For with smiles of gladness
Beams his loving eye,
As his pen he dips
In the bright blue sky.

And the record beareth
On the page of gold—
Goodness all unheeded,
Worthy acts untold.

And another angel
Sorrowing for thy wrong,
Looketh sad and fearful,
As thou wanderest on;

Each record keeping
Of each word and thought,
Which in watchful moments
Is with evil fraught.

Then the angel on thee
Fearfully doth look,
Saddened by the record
In his golden book.

Seeking but for sorrow
In thy heart to read,
For thy thought unhalloved—
For thy evil deed.

And they both rejoicing,
Mark thy penance;
Wishing but to pardon
All thy past offence.

And a tear-drop falling
On the record-leaf,
Bloteth out thy error—
Heavenly all thy grief.

Prayerfully, O pilgrim,
Press thy way along,
Through the toilsome mazes
Patiently and strong!

Every thought and action,
Every word and look,
Angels' hands are writing
In a golden book.

Onward in thy journey,
Till thy home is won;
Onward in thy mission,
Till thy work is done!

Luring those around thee
To the good and true—
O a noble duty,
It is thine to do.

And O, gentle pilgrim,
To the world of light,
Keep thy faithful watchers
Constantly in sight.

For the angel's record
Is thy passport home,
When thy wanderings ending
Thou no more shalt roam.

Stockbridge, Vt. A. E. B.

For the Herald and Journal.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE SEMINARY.

The first term of the East Maine Conference Seminary will be commenced on the third Wednesday, 20th of August next.

The teachers already elected are Rev. Loren L. Knox, of the Oneida Conference, Principal, and Miss Jane Johnston, Preceptress. Mr. Knox after his graduation served several years as tutor in the Wesleyan University, and subsequently as Principal of the Gouverneur Seminary, Black River Conference. Miss Johnston has been engaged in teaching for some years at the Newbury Seminary in Vermont, and in Maine. She is known as a successful teacher.

Other teachers will be furnished as they may be needed, as the Trustees design to meet every demand. They assure the public that no effort shall be wanting to give the institution rank with the highest and best of its grade.

An arrangement will probably be made for instruction in music.

Board will be furnished in private families for

the present, at one dollar and fifty cents per week.

The Trustees hope that friends of the institution and of learning will interest themselves to procure the attendance of a large number of students at the opening.

Arrangements will be made to increase the interest of the commencement by an address by the Principal, at 10 o'clock of the day above mentioned, Aug. 20th, in the chapel of the seminary, which will be accompanied by other exercises, and followed by a collection in the beautiful grove upon our premises.

All friends of youth, and all who desire their proper instruction, are requested to be present on the occasion, to participate and enjoy.

The terms of tuition are, for common English, \$3, and for higher branches \$4 per quarter. Instruction in Drawing and Music at usual rates.

W. H. PILSBURY, Sec'y of Trustees.
Bucksport, July 23.

SEAMEN.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE WEATHER-BEATEN MARINER SAFE IN PORT AT LAST.

It is not every one whose predispositions and preferences incline them to

"A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the roaring deep."

Nor do all thus inclined possess the peculiar genius and capacities necessary to fit them for any degree of prominence as voyagers.

"As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,"

so the great masses of this class of persons, like those in other departments of life, exert little if any influence which will be traced, seen, and felt, when they are no more. If memory treasure up anything respecting them, or if monumental marble transmit a truthful testimony, it will be little more than the fact that they once lived, endeared, it may be, to friends, and died by their lamented. Nor is it indeed always the case with those of this class of persons who rise to prominence of position, more than with such by their own merits, or truly honor the position when attained.

But there are some of earth's noble sons, whose well-balanced minds, firmness of nerve, and manly bearing, point them out not only as those "born to command," but also as those destined, as they pass along over the voyage of life, to leave their "mark" behind them. Their strong traits of character win for them success, and this again gives them a power and an influence which are felt, not only while they are living, but also long after they have "slept their last sleep." Their loss, too, is felt—deeply felt—and mourned; especially if they added to the qualities already named, those of kindness and affection as husbands and as fathers, and devotedness to him who rules upon the sea as well as upon the land.

An individual combining these high qualities and excellencies is now in my mind. He entered upon the voyage of life nearly fifty years ago. In his boyhood he was characterized for his physical activity, and in early youth, in school, he gave promise, especially by his superior readiness in arithmetical operations, of becoming a leading man in business. As a scholar, he took the lead in this department, in the school of which he was a member. Living in a sea port, he was early inclined to a seafaring life, and chose to embark in the daring enterprise of the whale fishery. In seamanship he evinced uncommon talent, and in capturing the monsters of the deep superior skill and dexterity. On his own real merit in the business of his choice, he was rapidly advanced to the command of a ship, and in that capacity made several very successful voyages to the Pacific. The last of the series was crowned with such signal success, that he quit the perils of the deep for the more peaceful and congenial occupations and endearments of home, doubtless designing to spend the remainder of his days on shore. He had buried a wife, beloved and endeared, and had been wedded to a second, in whose favor, were it well to praise the living, many excellent things might be said. But during the lapse of a few years, unforeseen occurrences changed the tide of fortune, and he again found it expedient to brave the dangers of the deep. The full measure of his former success befell him. Soon after his return the emigration was setting strongly towards the land of gold, and he concluded to make one more foreign adventure, hoping thereby to place himself and his family in such a condition, pecuniarily, as would prevent the necessity of his ever going to sea again. One great motive for making this last attempt, as he informed the writer of this, (and it was a laudable one), was to enable him to educate his children. This was indeed a favorite object with him, and his was no studied, parsimonious disposition as to the outlay. Possessing naturally a mild and tranquil temperament, his bland and affable manner, blending with strength of purpose, won for him great esteem from those who knew him. But he was just and generous, as well as mild. He had been blessed in early life with pious parents, and now, successively, with two Christian companions. Such was the strength of his religious principle long ere he gave himself to God and the church, that he was as punctual, prompt and generous in the yearly payment of the minister of his wife's choice, as though he had been himself a member. Indeed, after he had received, while at sea, the sad intelligence of his first wife's death, he wrote home, requesting the collector of the church to advance for him the accustomed amount to the minister.—A worthy example.—He had now been for many years, not only the dutiful son to an aged, godly, widowed mother, and the head of a pleasant, promising family, but also a highly esteemed member of the church and of the church of Christ. All these estimable traits, together with his high standing in his profession as a master mariner, and his well known public spirit, could but render him a highly valuable and an esteemed citizen. Thus he stood, when, in September 1849, he set sail for the new Eldorado, in command of the fine bark Sarah, of which and the freight he was a large owner, at the head of a company of about fifty men.

Soon after his arrival in California the company broke up, as did all others of the kind, and he was obliged to dispose of surplus outfits, as well as cargo, to the best advantage. While in the reverses, remaining with his ship, at Benicia, circumstances occurred which afforded an opportunity for the exhibition of those kind and generous elements of his nature, as well as skill. He was, as all well know, in a sickly country. The objects of compassion were thick around him. With his accustomed nobleness of soul, he bade all the sick and distressed who came under his notice a hearty welcome on board his ship; both those who had been members of his own company, and those of others with whom he had been acquainted, and yet others who had been utter strangers—all such were made welcome. In truth, he sought out cases of sickness and distress, and ministered to them. Having been in the habit of acting as physician when in command of large companies of men on whaling voyages, he had taken the precaution to provide a good stock of medicine before leaving home, and he now found occasion for its use, and for

the exercise of his own skill. Great numbers were thus cured. At one time near a dozen of these sufferers were on board, sharing his bounty and his kind attention. To all these, as well as others in similar condition with whom he met, not on board, he ministered without fee or hope of reward; and all this where the sum of \$10 per day was charged the sick at the hospital on shore. And what was very remarkable was the fact that while many were dying at the latter place, our noble Captain lost but a single case, and that one beyond his control, and not exclusively one of disease peculiar to the country. Some stirring incidents of his benevolence are related of him, which I might repeat did room permit. It is well said of him by a very worth fellow citizen, who was eye witness to these deeds of mercy and generosity, that he lived not for himself alone, but for others also. When remonstrated with for doing so much gratis, his noble Christian reply was, "that the satisfaction he felt in having the opportunity to assist those thus distressed, was a sufficient compensation to him." He also displayed the generosity of his heart by helping many in need of pecuniary assistance in order to commence some kind of business for themselves. "He was some gentleman just referred to remarks, 'He was the most benevolent man I ever saw.'"

Foiled in his purposes of mining, our enterprising commander thought his safest course was to fit out for whaling, fill his ship with oil if favored to do so, and then return home. But before he had proceeded far on his voyage, sickness began to prey so powerfully upon his own system that he was obliged to put into port. Sending his ship out in charge of an officer to cruise for a month, he remained on shore in care of a physician, (who was also an acquaintance and friend,) intending to rejoin his ship on her return; or, if unable to do so, to return home. But, alas! such was the strength of his disease, that in a few short days he felt a victim to death, and saw neither his ship, nor home, nor loved ones any more.

Evidently our lamented friend was peculiarly impressed, on his passage out, with a sense of the uncertainty of life, and of the great liability of his never being permitted again to return home. This appears from a letter to one of his daughters, and the counsel he gave her were such as become a Christian father under such solemn convictions. Still he was ever filled with bright hope; and if he met with trials, as any one in his position would be liable to do, he was not deterred, but was always in expectation that all would work out well, finally. But the summons came, and it was his to obey. He died in Paita, May 27th, 1851, aged 48 years, 11 months and 5 days; leaving a wife and eight interesting children to mourn the loss of one of the best of husbands and of fathers. Having lived as the Christian lives, he died as the Christian dies. He has thus ended the voyage of life, and arrived, we doubt not safe in the PORT OF HEAVEN AT LAST.—Such was Capt. JOHN O. MORSE, of Edgartown.

Edgartown, July 18.

SKETCHES.

MAZZINI.

The Boston Museum publishes the eighth number of Count Gurowski's interesting "Sketches of Europe," the subject of which is Joseph Mazzini, the illustrious Italian patriot, the chief Triumvir of the Roman Republic, until its overthrow by the arms of France. We condense from it the following outline of his career.

Mazzini was born in Genoa, where his father was a physician and a professor of the Medical School. He began at an early age his life-long struggle with the despots of Italy, and as far back as 1828 had established journals to advocate liberal principles, both in Genoa and in Leghorn. These, however, were speedily suppressed by the alarmed governments, and Mazzini, judged by a special commission, was consigned to the dungeons of a fortress. After his release he sought refuge in Marseilles, where he founded the celebrated periodical called *Young Italy*, based on an association of the same name. This journal inspired with terror the Italian Governments; it was a trumpet, awakening from apathy all classes in Italy, and sounding forth only new and high ideas. It raised the banner of Italian unity, for the first time in many centuries unfolded in the sight of all parties, and supported by intellectual powers of the highest order. It proclaimed the most complete and absolute rupture with the past and its elements, such as Papacy, royalty and aristocracy. Every political question was discussed with deep reasoning and fiery argumentation. The Journal penetrated into all parts of Italy and found everywhere devoted correspondents. From all points of the peninsula intelligence poured to Marseilles, where the editor resided, and thus the periodical became a central echo for the whole country. It exposed with unflinching rigor the tyranny of the Italian rulers, holding up to execration, for example, the bloody executions in Naples, and in Rome and the Roman States. This course produced great excitement in Italy and the consternation of the governments was extreme. They prohibited the circulation of Mazzini's Journal by such severe penalties that even the smugglers were afraid to carry it across the frontier. Nevertheless its circulation was not stopped; it penetrated from Marseilles into the remotest corners of Italy. It was circulated from hand to hand by secret committees, or was scattered in the evening in public places, theatres, shops, &c. Never was a periodical edited with more fiery activity, or circulated with equal courage and devotion. Its agents and subscribers at every moment risked their lives, but they persisted with undaunted zeal.

The French Government finally began to persecute Mazzini, and after an unsuccessful attempt to arrest him in Piedmont, he was expelled from the whole continent and obliged to take refuge in England. There he supported himself by pen, and at the same time kept up his efforts to regenerate Italy. In 1842, he established in London a school for Italian workmen, and began the publication of an Italian newspaper. He did not encourage, but rather endeavored to suppress the partial and futile movements for the liberation of Italy that were set on foot between 1842 and 1848. Still, even in England, he was an object of terror to the continental despots, and their intrigues prevailed upon an English Minister, Sir James Graham, to disgrace him by violating the post office and opening Mazzini's letters.

Mazzini hailed Pius IX. with enthusiasm, but had no confidence in monarchy or the monarchical principle. He was convinced that a democratic republic was the only hope of his country, a conviction which he has recently most ably and eloquently expressed in his work on "Republicanism in Italy." His sentiments were so popular and his talents and services so highly esteemed by his countrymen, that in 1848 when the Roman Republic was established, though by birth a foreigner, he was elected to the supreme office by the almost unanimous vote of the Roman people.

The shameful conquest of Rome by the French, drove Mazzini again into exile. It is understood, however, that he is still at the head of a powerful combination whose aim is the liberation of Italy from foreign and native despots, and that, should a successful revolution be effected there, the general voice of the Italian people would call him to the helm of State.

Count Gurowski's opinion of the intellectual and moral character of the great Italian is thus expressed:—"There is not one among the domains of thought and knowledge, whether relating to ethics, to higher social politics, or to history, that is strange to him, or that has not been in a masterly manner explained or elucidated by his demonstrations aimed to prove that every science, every knowledge, every mental occupation or pursuit whatever, ought to be directed and used for the intellectual and social emancipation of humanity, and that otherwise their value is worthless or second rate."

"His polemics are always clear, logical, and nervous, energetic and vehement, free from hypocritical circumventions, and from mere platitudes, thus harmonizing with the noble and elevated object to which he has devoted his existence. The state papers of his short government, will remain as monuments of the language of truth and lofty dignity, in the face of the most unprincipled and brutish abuse of superior physical force."

"The whole course of Mazzini's life examined in the most minute details, is as pure from any stain as is the sublime idea by which he is inspired. Often possessing large sums of money at his discretion, he never made any use thereof, for the gratification of personal desires. When not supported by his family, he recurred to intellectual labor to procure his individual maintenance. Thus sufferings, persecutions, and unequalled devotion to general progress and emancipation, mark luminously the train of his life, but pure and lofty orbit. It may be said that he alone embodies now the future hopes of his fatherland. More active than ever, his name alarms all the continental despots, from the Alps to the Altai."—Commonwealth.

CHILDREN.

LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

"Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son."

"Nothing good, to-day, mother, I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The bookstores and dry goods stores and groceries have plenty of boys already—but I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance. O, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so taken me—'but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you.'"

A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy, as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged, and when his mother saw the tear, not a few ran down hers also.

It was a cold bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for "a place." He had persevered, although constantly refused, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired waiting for him.

His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needlework, till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the fire while she prepared his supper. The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best filled table with anybody else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said,

"Mother," said he, "do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday school teacher about a Sabbath?"

"No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity—and I think that it would be a very suitable person, too; at least, I should think that he would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I believe I will ask him."

After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together in her loneliness, and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cared for the poor. They knew, also, that God would do what was best for them. O, it's a sweet thing to the soul to be able to say, sincerely, "Thy will be done."

"I feel happier now," said John. "I was so tired when I came in, that I felt quite cross, I know I did—but I look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long, affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.

Next morning was the Sabbath. John's breakfast was more scanty than ever, but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept—and he knew that both food and fire might all be gone before night. They had had no money to buy anything with for several days.

The Sabbath school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.

"Who is that little pale faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of the teacher.

"His name is Jones—he lives in Stone street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.

"You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I came just a month ago, to-day."

"Had you ever been to school before that time?"

"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick, I used to go to—street school, but that was a great way off, and when mother got well, and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here, as it is so much nearer."

"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"

"Do you mean the store where the great copper worn stood on the sidewalk?"

"O, sir, I didn't know they sold rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of a store it was, I was afraid."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.

"What did your father do, my son—what was his business?"

"Sir, he once kept a large store like that," and the child shuddered when he answered.

"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you were coming into the store?"

"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did, my boy—it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning—your teacher will tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street or anything else as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did, and they were made comfortable and happy.

Surely this story carries its own moral.

PARENTS.

FAMILY INSTRUCTION.

The family circle is a field of extensive usefulness. And he who occupies the centre of this circle, may do much to "bless his household."

Here the prayers and counsels of the devoted parent are not in vain. Here children may be instructed in the precepts and doctrines of the Bible. Here first impressions are made. And here, if parents are faithful, the salvation of their children is secured; for God has declared, I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.

Family instruction is of the first importance. We do not mean by this that the school must be neglected—by no means; we are an advocate of the old Puritanic school where the Bible is respected. But, the work of instruction must commence in the family. Education alone will not save the soul from death. Wonderful as the capacity of mind may be, it cannot convert the soul.

This can only be done by the Spirit of God, through the appointed means. Human science, with all its power, never has, and never can, soften the heart and bring the impenitent child to God. In fact, "you may lead your children through academic groves, and teach them with Newton, to investigate every law of nature, and measure every planetary orbit; or with Franklin, to direct the lightning in its course; or with Stewart and Locke, to develop all the powers of mind; and if they are untaught and unsanctified by the sacred oracles," or by pious parental instruction, they will still be strangers to God by wicked works.

MATERNAL CARE.

Man's life is his term of preparation for the scene beyond the grave; but it has been correctly observed, that practically considered, this season of preparation is in many cases over, long before the close of life. The chief hope of the parent lies before his child has attained the age of twenty; and a father has usually but little continued influence over his son after he is fifteen; even before this period the busy occupations of life leave the burden chiefly upon the mother, who can scarcely control an unruly spirit over ten or twelve. If then she would have her son a shining light in the regions of grace, she must think nothing of her ten years of labor and care for him, in comparison with the fearful loss to be avoided, and the more than worlds to be gained. O think how much one Christian mother does in training up for God some devoted servant—a Whitfield, a Scott, or a Chalmers—or who even gains over a Washington, or a Wilberforce, to the pure and disinterested love of his fellow-man! She sets at work a moral power which goes on accumulating forever.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ELIZABETH A., wife of William W. Nichols, died in this city, June 14, of consumption, aged 30 years. The deceased embraced religion in youth, and for several years was a worthy and esteemed member of the Baptist Church in Chelsea. In 1841, with her husband to whom she had just been married and who had likewise been brought to the Saviour, she joined the M. E. Church in that village; and from that time until death severed them, it has always been their first care, in the several places where they have since resided, to maintain together an uninterrupted relation to the church of their choice, whose privileges they highly prized. Sister Nichols was, to the extent of her ability, benevolent, active and useful—in a word, she delighted in doing good. "The cause which she knew not, she searched out," and in the largeness of her heart, so far as her means would allow, she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; their works do follow them." She departed in peace, leaving three little sons, her husband and the church to mourn her loss—but she rests with the church above.

EDWARD COOKE.
South Boston, July, 1851.

Sister CORDELLA COPELAND, of this city, very suddenly departed this life, July 14th, aged 42 years. While passing to her chamber, she was seized with an apoplectic fit, and expired in about three hours. She had been a member of the M. E. Church for twenty-five years, and left the best evidence of her acceptance with Christ. In the last prayer meeting she attended she witnessed for her Lord, and her last conversation on the eve of her death, was upon the subject of religion.

ISAAC J. P. COLLYER.
Lowell, July 25.

CHARLES G. SMITH died in New Sharon, Me., July 1, aged 51 years. The disease with which he suffered, in order to fully enjoy, was the lung fever. One week after his attack, he peacefully passed away. For about a score of years he was a member of the M. E. Church. And to speak of Bro. S., since I knew him, he was always at his post, filling his place in the public congregation, the class and prayer room. I have often thought no apology could be received by our dear brother for a neglect of the means of grace, but as such would stand the test at the last day. As a private man, a Christian, member of the church, superintendent of the Sabbath School, the promotion of every worthy enterprise, and as a business man and citizen of the town, he had no superior in this vicinity. It was said the largest procession ever formed in town, followed his remains to their final resting-place. Thus within a few days of each other, two of the brightest ornaments and most useful members of our church in this town have passed away; but they died well, and universally lamented. The prayers of the church are desired for the lonely and afflicted companions and children of our deceased sister and brother.

R. H. STITCHFIELD.

Mrs. SYRENA BEAN, wife of Daniel Bean, Esq., died in Bancroft, Aroostook Co., May 23, aged 52 years. Sister Bean was a member of the M. E. Church, on trial. Though diffident and unassuming in her Christian profession, yet as I have learned, maintained a consistent and upright course. Her sickness lasted three weeks; at first she seemed desirous to live, that she might be baptized and join the church; but before she closed her eyes in death she was willing to die, and felt resigned to the will of her God. She was left a husband and eleven children to mourn, but their loss is her infinite gain.

Wm. J. ROBINSON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LAMBERT'S PHYSIOLOGIES. LEAVITT & Co., New York, and SARGENT & CARVER, Portland, Publishers, invite Physicians, Teachers, Parents, Committees, and all interested in school or family education, to examine the following works, and to be convinced of the value of the following new works, and of the high authorities and tenor of the commendations.

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